The Georgian



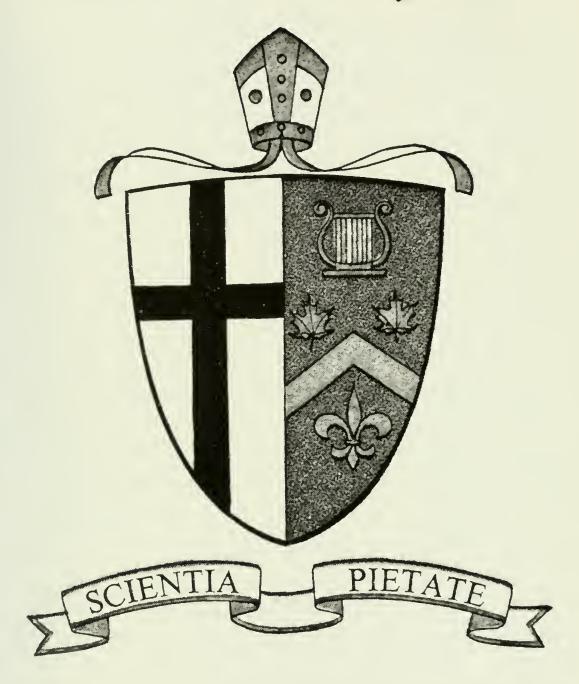
St. George's College 1971-1972







The Georgian



St. George's Tollege 1971-1972

Doedling O April I k + not enough play a dull boy . AD Title Page-Segrajian table of contents Hockey **3**d 32 3 Lower - S hockey pur Prep I 40 42 Prep IV ugreat prem 50 52 53 54 55 56 57 History Seminar for Lee - May 16th Chem. 24th



GEORGIAN INTERVIEW

Blair: You have always been a mild-mannered student, why did you decide to risk your reputation by becoming Editor of the Georgian?

Dave: I really wasn't thinking of my reputation, Blair, I just wanted a smutty yearbook

Blair: All kidding aside . . .

Dave: Who's kidding?

Blair: Okay. But isn't it true you carried a heavy load by not only being the Editor but by also being a Prefect?

Dave: Right on. But my problem so far as being a Prefect goes was whether or not my blue blazer was clean enough to pass Fearon's inspection before reading the lesson on Fridays. As for being Editor, God only knows how heavy that was.

Blair: But did you not have a lot of helpers on the Yearbook Committee?

Dave: I didn't know there was a Committee?

Blair: Well if there wasn't, I'm sure Mike Onions could have come up with something for you.

Dave: Not even Mike Onions could overcome student apathy! But hold on a second, Blair. It's quite obvious that this interview was preconceived and a gimmick to catch the reader's attention. I get the feeling that we aren't really saying what we want to.

Blair: Let's forget the whole idea.

Dave: I think the yearbooks in the past have captured, in too serious a way the school year. A school year certainly consists of more than just trophies and team pictures. If the yearbook is going to be a portfolio of happenings it must point out the feelings of the student body created by those happenings.

Blair: In other words it should be a candid document, not of what we want to see in the school but what is actually there. I think what we are trying to say would be best expressed in an example. If one were to look at a yearbook several years from now and see the name, Mr. Allen, it would bring to mind various academic implications and I think students would best remember him as Bear. The nickname brings back the realness of the times we had. It's nostalgic.

Dave: Your report card shows the academic part of school life. The yearbook should therefore show the fun we had. Let's face it, academics aren't fun.

Kerr: Are you guys finished the sermonette? I have to run, I'm in a hurry to get married!

Blair: Say goodnight Dick.

Goodnight Dick.



FROM THE HEADMASTER'S STUDY

It is always a pleasure to write a short introduction to our Georgian. The editor and his staff are to be commended for their efforts in turning out a record that portrays the highlights of the school year. Mr. Kerr, the staff representative, has worked closely with the executive for which I thank him.

I was examining some books recently and found one entitled Maths Made Easy. This title represents much that is wrong in modern education. Mathematics cannot purposely be made easy. It is an exacting discipline, demanding much concentrated study. The subject should be treated with interest and wonder, but not as something "made easy".

There is a lesson here for us. Life is not easy. To believe otherwise is to delude ourselves. It is natural for parents to spare their children from difficulties and hurts. It is natural and right for masters to help their students through the difficulties of learning and general development, but, often it seems to me the emphasis is on making things so easy that we fail to prepare our children for the realities of life, which cannot always be made easy.

At St. George's I want our boys to strive for the best, to climb the highest mountain, to try to do the impossible. Such stretching of mind and muscle will develop sound character. Let us never be accused of expecting too little, of taking the easy way out.

St. George's is a relatively new school. Already sound traditions have been born, nurtured and developed. As I read the pages of this year's issue of the Georgian I am so pleased that our boys have become fully involved.

It is so easy to "pass by on the other side". To those who will not be returning in September — good luck and sincere thanks for all that you have done to establish strong traditions.

S.L. linght.

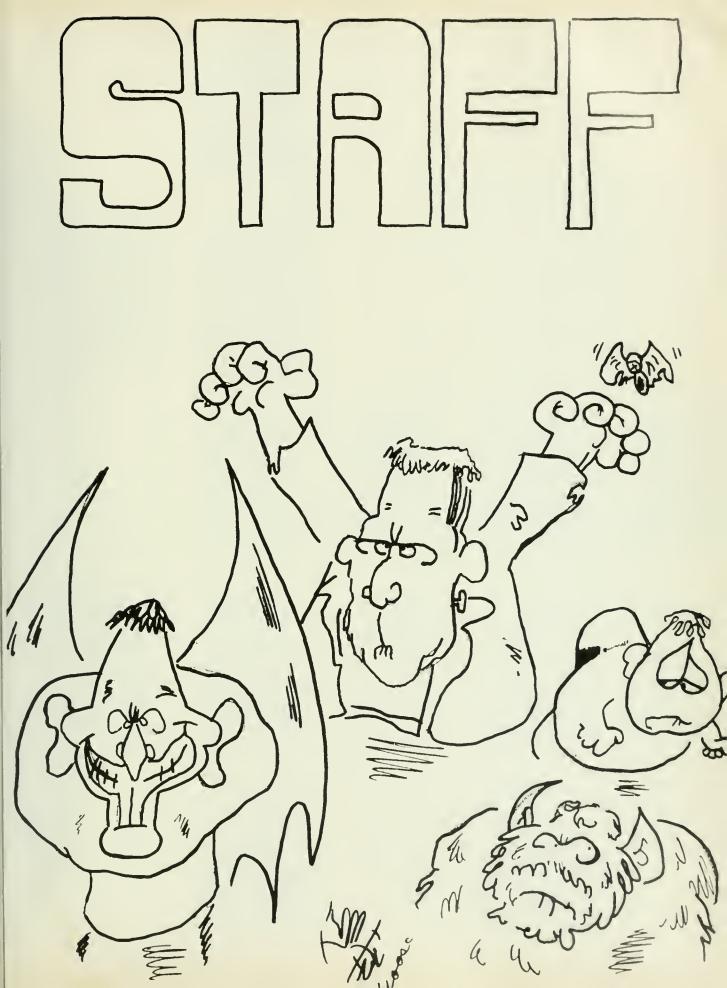
"Up St. George, down the foe."

Time it was . . . it was
Oh what a time it was . . .
A time of innocence
A time of confidences.

Long ago . . . it must be . . . I have a photograph.

Preserve your memories
They're all that's left you.

Paul Simon





MR. WRIGHT



FATHER SCOTT



BEAR



MR. MacMILLAN



CHIEF



ARMIE



MRS. McKELLAR



J. S. HOGG



J. J. KERR



MR. MANION



MR. TANSEY



COACH FRASER



SCOOTER



MR. MacNEIL



MIX



RON EVANS



MR. STEVENSON



MR. DAIGLE



WORKY

PREFECTS



L-R: Mike Onions, Kim Robinson, Steve Wesley, Dave Stewart, Blair Fearon (Head).

BROTHER'S GRILL HAMBURGER DELUXE 13



Blair Anderson



Clarke Brandham



Blair Fearon



Tim Hartley



Bill Hepburn



John Holland



Dave McClocklin



Mike Onions



Doug Robinson



Kim Robinson



William Sharpe



Dave Stewart



Steve Wesley



Dave Wipper



Nick and the boys.



John Bartram



Terry Collins



Gary Cooke



Martin Devenport



Mike Gilbert



Steve Gooderham



Steve Harper



James Hart

Doug MacLatchy



Andrew King



Jim Lebo



Jim Lemke



John Mills



Stuart Northey



Charles Leger

Gary Potter



Peter Saunders



John Secor



Ross Smiley



Ian Thomson



Brad Smith



Kim Watson



David Williams

GRADE 12-1



Ian Arthur



Tim Barton



Rob Beaty



Bob Brander



Bruce Dickinson



Jim Ellies



Scott Grills



Steve Hain



Dan McKenzie



Murray Merkley



Graham Parsons



John Paterson



Brian Rutherford



Paul Walters



Jon Young



Mike Young

GRADE 12-2



Scott Allward



Grant Ankenman



Chip Batten



Brian Boake



Bill Breen



Steve Edwards



Charlie Ellis

Bill Barclay





Craig Farquhar



Brad Patterson



Steve Goldring



John Houston



Scott Richardson



Andy Nikiforuk

Lorne Rogers





Peter Secon



Sandy Rhind

Robert Whittall



David Wright



Tim Young

Brian Ross GRADE



Ian Boake



David Bowlby



Peter Bromley



John Connolly



George Craig



Jim Edwards



Peter Evans



John Fotheringham



Derek Hart



Jay Howson



John Lemke



Jeff Levinson



Jim MacKinnon



Paul Martin



James Murdoch



Harry Peckham



Ron Perryman



Richard Reid



Greg Scott



Mike Smith



Mike Storey



Gareth Taylor



Eugene Trusler



Tim Wilson



Brian Atkinson



Geoffery Belch



Alexi Boggian



Andrew Brooks



Philip Claxton





Peter DiGangi

Carter Bland



John Firstbrook



Tom Hamilton



Peter Hutcheon



Alan Lawson



Sydney Levitt

Tim Durnford



David Locke



David Moore



Thomas Moore



Chris Nikiforuk



David Pidgeon



David Ross



Sandy Russell



Steve Varga

Brooks Watkins



Bill Whiteacre



Chris Anderson



John Barclay



Rob Beanlands



Peter Burnside



Guy Burry



Paul Clarke



Geoff Craig



David Curtis



Chris Evans



Brian Farquhar



Teddy Frank



Cam Harvey



Mike Hendrick



Clifford Jansen



Mike Kaczala



Charles Kerr



Steve Knight



Charles Laing



Doug Lawson



Dave MacLennan



Kevin McNaughton



Peter Meyrick



Vince Santamaura

GRADE 8-1

Robert McCann



Peter Coward



Graham Davidson



Gage Jull



Tim Kendall



Blake Martin



G. Mueller-Wilm



Charles Oughtred



Norman Paterson



Neil Payne



Brian Polimeni



John Pringle



Doug Richmond



Rob Robinson



Andrew Rodgers



Jon Rothwell



Dave Somerville



Bill Somerville



David Speed



Toby Steel





Michael Vivian



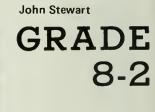
Andrew Waller



Kevin Watson



Geoff Wheatstone





David Albone



John Alexander



Chris Armstrong



Doug Bell



James Cooke



Neil Duggan



Nicholas Fox



John Havlicek



Richard Hector



Florian Kluge

Sean Dewart



Scott Knoll



Mark Kramolc



Ted Larkin



lan Lomax



Doug Lutes



Kevin Matthews



Brent Shields



Dave Summerhayes



Dave Trusler



Marc Tyrrell



Ian Upjohn



Bill Webb



Ralph Wright

GRADE 7-1



Peter Bain



Chris Bohme



Barry Chisholm



Chris Cook



Chris Dawson



William De Haas



Kevin Drynan



Jack Ellis



David Flowers



Bruce Grout



Ian Houston



Tony Kendrick



Terry King



Doug Lee



Ross Lotto



John MacKinnon



Nick Martin-Sperry



Marcus Pratt



Bruce Richardson





John Sankey



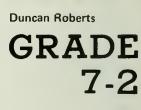
Bruce Sarjeant



James Tasker



Donald Tuer





Mark Beattie



John Bennett



Donald Burry



Ed Colicos



Cam Crassweller



Richard Curtis



John Darrigo



Grant Gordon



Pat Hearn



Jan Jansen



Peter Levitt



Rob Linghorne

Matt Hamilton



Paul Lynch



Scott McDowell



Paul Jennings

Craig Myers



Robert Reeve



Donald Ross



Pete Rutherford



Bobby Shirer



Bill Waterhouse



James Belch



Tim Bristo



Dave Fisher



Jamie Gibson



Steve Hastings



Richard Havlicek



Dave Hilliker

Nick Colicos



Peter Hughes



David Kirby



Doug Lawson

Thomas Riley



Matt Lawson



Sean McTague



Geoffery Morphy



Chris Northey



Jason Stains



Greg Volk



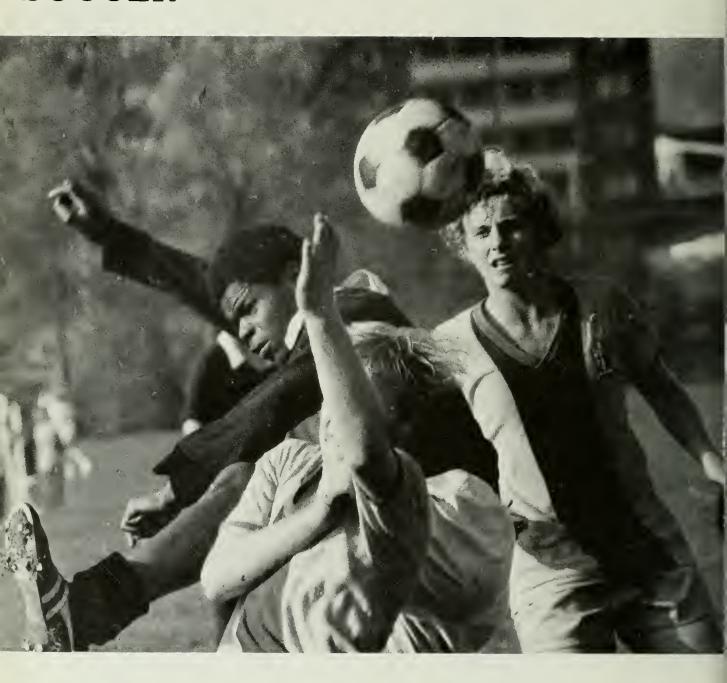
Mark Worrall

SION S

abbe!



SOCCER



The School 1st XI entered their first season in the 'A' division of the Independent Schools League with high hopes of success after a fine 1970-71 season.

BOTTOM ROW: S. Wesley, K. Robinson, S. Hain, S. Grills, M. Gilbert. TOP ROW: M. Davenport, C. Brandham, D. McClocklin, G. Parsons, B. Rutherford, I. Arthur.



BOTTOM ROW: D. Williams, M. Davenport, D. MacLatchy, M. Young, M. Merkley, M. Onions. CENTRE ROW: S. Harper, A. King, J. Lebo, D. MacKenzie, T. Barton, P. Saunders. TOP ROW: J. Secor, W. Barclay, S. Richardson, S. Allward, S. Edwards, P. Secor, L. Rogers.

In the first game against U.C.C., it was a repeat of last season's final game, of the skill of U.C.C. versus the enthusiasm and unlagging effort of S.G.C. The result was a fair 2-1 score for U.C.C. The team went on to sweep aside S.A.C. and Hillfield in two excellent games only to have the tables turned in the return game being narrowly beaten by S.A.C. and crushed by a much improved Hillfield.

The attendance at training sessions this year was extremely poor, and accounts partly for the slump in mid-season in which we lost to a Pickering team in a game which was played in their half of the field for 70% of the game.

Fortunately the season finished on a high note with an inspired performance against the best T.C.S. team we have seen, and a win against B.R.C.

This year the "squad principle" was applied to the Int. Soccer Team in order to give as many boys as possible the chance to play in games against other schools. The subsequent record in terms of wins and losses doesn't necessarily reflect the success of the team. Many of the boys showed a great deal of improvement through being exposed to game conditions. The boys on this squad also benefitted through combined practice with Mr. Tansey's First Team, All in all, the second team was a most satisfactory vehicle for providing a great deal of soccer for a large number of interested boys. Hopefully their experience this year will hold them in good stead when they move on to the first team.

		D. C. M	cMaste
Played	W	L	T
7	2	4	1



"Where are you from?"
"The hills."

"You do this up there?"
"What, socking?"

"I knew this couldn't be dancing."



HOCKEY



















L-R: Brandham, Wipper, Mills, Allward, Boake, The Other Guys.

BASKETBALL

In a few years our slick passing, hard driving, powerful basketball squad will be up amongst the best of teams. As coach Tansey says, "The team put up creditable performances against the enemy, and the experience of Brandham, Wipper and Milis was invaluable. Behind those three, a tremendously improved Scott Allward dominated our boards. Ian Boake, still a little inexperienced, showed that he is possessed of a skill that bodes well for future seasons. The other team members were Gilbert, Hepburn, Cook and Parsons."



Coach Tansey, seen in foreground, the one with big ears, calls time out during the first quarter of Appleby game.







OLD BOYS SOCCER



L-R: Mr. Tansey, Mr. Wright, John Bleasby, George Rutherford, Mark Edwards, Andy Bickford, Steve Ferguson, John Wesley, Peter Kiddell, Nelson Thall, Ian Tudhope, Tiny, Martin Davenport, Mr. McMaster.

OLD BOYS HOCKEY



FRONT ROW: Nelson Thall, Hot Dog, Brooke Biscoe, Geoff McCord, Steve Ferguson, Greg Scott. CENTRE ROW: Jim Lane. BACK ROW: Harry Housser, John Bleasby, Mark Edwards, John Wesley, Lon Vining, George Rutherford, Mike Shirriff, Charley Hair.

CANTERBURY HOUSE REPORT 1971-72

During my years at St. George's I've found Canterbury House to be the spiritual mainstay of house competition. For this reason Canterbury has been said to be the spirit of the college. You may ask to what extent Canterburians would go to maintain such an honourable position! This year the "Red Georgians" fought inspiringly in house competition, and with great consideration for the spirit of the other houses even organized an embryo tossing match by which, the Yellow Georgians, the muscle of St. Georges, gained the coveted Canterbury Cup. The soulful call of the Canterburians, although delightful to the ear, unfortunately was not considered brawny enough to warrant first prize in the house cheer competition. We congratulate the Blue Georgians for making the most noise. Unfortunately Westminster House, the lily whites, devoted a majority of their time to philosophical work behind the scenes. We do appreciate, of course, the illustrious art work of their captain. All in all the Canterburians, if not the sword and tongue of our illustrious Saint, most definitely shall continue to be the spirit of St. George.

Wesley Secundus

WESTMINSTER HOUSE REPORT

At St. George's College we have a house system. There are four houses, Westminster and three others whose names escape me for the moment. This year Westminster's achievements have been even more impressive than in the past. The interhouse competition has been fierce but still unequal to the task of dethroning the house of Westminster. The house cheer competition was a victory for Westminster because even though we lost the contest, we won by unanimous decision (who remember how their cheers go?). The school play was provided with four actors and two stagehands from the house of Westminster to make up 80% of the actors and 66% of the total production (this proves something). Our scholastic efforts are, as always, our strongest point as we lead the school in academic achievements. This is, of course, the most important aspect of our house for when we leave S.G.C. it will not matter who can throw eggs farthest, but rather who can utilize their intelligence for self betterment and the betterment of our generation. Therefore it seems evident that though brute strength was not our way of winning house points, we have really won a moral victory. We have captured the envy of the other three houses whose members all wish that they too were in Westminster.

Terry Collins

YORK HOUSE REPORT

I have enjoyed many years at S.G.C. and during this time I have also been a member of York House. The rapport is clear - York House is the best at S.G.C.

I'm not going to sit here and criticize the other houses and their captains as others have done merely to fill up space, I'm going out to show you the true York House spirit and you yourself will know which is the best house.

York's backbone is its leadership. We have three teachers (a tall one, a short one, and one with a funny accent) who demoncratically chose me to help them lead York to victory. The young men of York House are the real strength of the house. Each York member knows he is part of the best house, and with this unity York House will be the real victor.

P.S. We won the Winchester Cup! We work harder.

David MacLatchy

WINCHESTER HOUSE REPORT

The egg-throwing contest thought up by Canterburians went over like a dud. But they didn't think so. During the event Canterburians leaped about shouting gleefully "Isn't this fun" "Wasn't this a good idea". York, for a follow-up to this, was thinking of a raisin throwing contest where one guy would throw a raisin to his teammate standing forty yards away, and the latter would try and catch it between his teeth. However ridiculous the egg-throwing contest was we captured the Canterbury Cup which just goes to show how widely spread our talent is in every field.

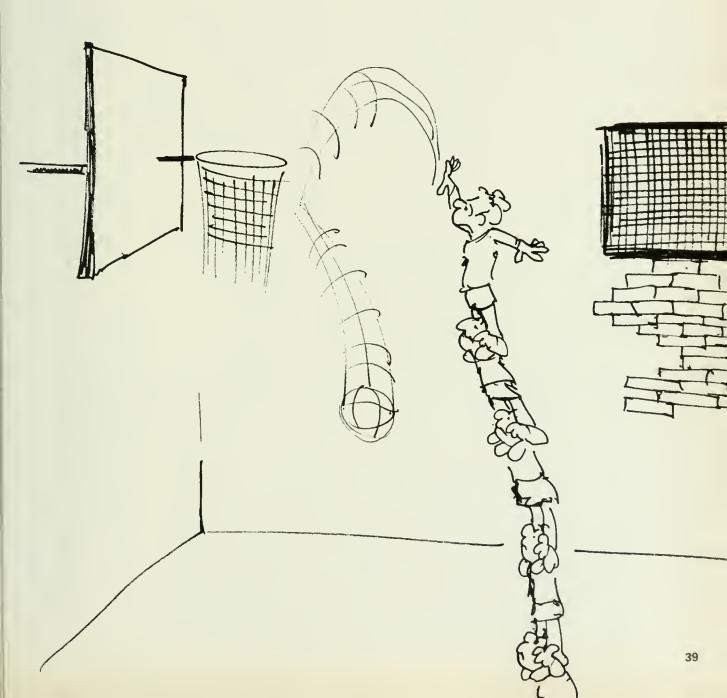
I think that most people thought Westminster's chances of winning the House cheer were as much as the Buffalo Sabres chances of winning the Stanley Cup. Obviously the judges were Buffalo fans. I can't really remember the winning Westminster cheer but I think it went something like this:

"One-two flippity dip
We're gonna win it
Oh yeah we're it
Let's hear it for Westminster
One-two flippity dip"

I am confident that Winchester will win the House Cup this year, again. As the old addage goes, "May the best man win". In fact I am so confident that I will lay everything I own on the line to anyone who wants to bet that Winchester will not pull the House Cup off, as usual.

With all my love

LOWER



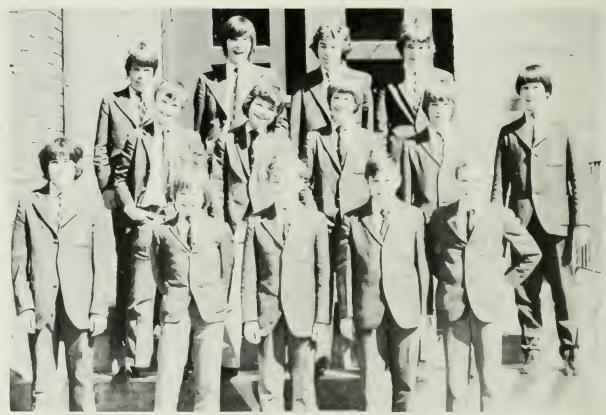
The Prep I soccer team, rather than succumb to the menial mediocrity of their talent, permitted themselves to be driven by their coach's maniacal desire to win. The manifestation of his physical gesticulations along the sidelines rallied his charges on many an occasion. It has been said coaching is a thankless task. However, when I interviewed Coach Fraser he stated, "The Prep I soccer team was an exception to that oversimplified generality. Their consistent and conscious effort to work and improve was indeed gratifying. Often they overcame Herculean odds by sheer dedication, and consequently completed a spiritually successful, if not an overwhelmingly successful statistical season. Thank you."

Thank you, Coach Fraser.

Howard Cossell ABC Sports



Despite a poor record of wins and losses for our Prep I Hockey Team, the players learned many basics. This was the overall summary of our team. This year, besides renewing the basics, building pride and morals, we enjoyed the thrill of winning. The backbone of our success was our coach Mr. MacNeil. For the high standard he set; the players thank him.









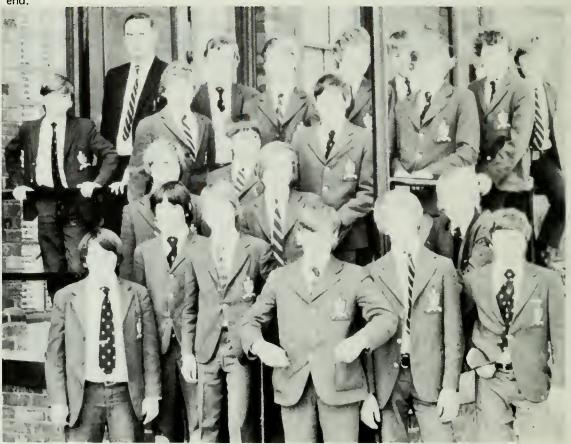
This year's season was hunky dory for the Prep II soccer team. With the boys inspiring one another they achieved three wins, three losses and a tie, and showed a trend toward greater things for the future.

The real inspiration came from Coach MacNeil who looked smashing in his balmoral and latest highland threadlodes. Another source of inspiration came from the various girls at the games. To which Coach MacNeil leered, "Achcraikey, o'er hill and dale, I'll make men o' ye yet."



PREP II HOCKEY

Mr. Armitage has led "Armie's Army" in a very exciting season. An unimpressive 2/1/6 record belies the excellent year the Prep II Team had. The fact that all losses were by only one goal shows the keen competition the Team had. With resolute determination, the Team fought every game to the very end.







PREP IV SOCCER

Ridley	3	S.G.C.	0	Not a close game
Hillfield	3	S.G.C.	0	Not a close game
Crescent	0	S.G.C.	6	Not a close game
Appleby	3	S.G.C.	2	close game
U.C.C.	0	S.G.C.	2	close game

1971 was a good year for Prep III Soccer. While our official results show six victories and two defeats, they do not tell the complete story. One of our losses was to U.C.C.'s Prep I team. However, this game was valuable for the experience it gave all members of the squad. The strength of the team was attributable to the excellent balance of the team: forward, half-back and fullback positions, each had one exceptionally strong player. All agree that the height of the year was our defeat of the S.G.C. Prep II squad.





1. colin

FANTASY WORLD

Come and flee into this pleasant forest or visit the purple skies of paradise. Behold the wonders of the crystal ocean

and gaze upon a sea of glowing colours.

Enter the flower garden and smell the wonderful scents of corruption,

Look upon the monetary world of manipulation and divine exploitation,

And here be entertained by political clowns dressed deceitfully in many hues.

Admire the white serenity-homes fenced for safety's sake.

Revel in the youth bar purchase the commodity sex and secrets of cosmetic beauty.

Play charity with dying children income tax free

And do not forget to wave at the naughty men and women in temporary confinement for life.

So drink the apathy of falling bombs as you float away in middle class luxury above fantasy world.

A. Nikiforuk

TORONTO - JULY 14, 1971

I remember the times we had, the fun, the laughter and the tears.

We had fun, we laughed and we cried,

both of us

together.

But it seems now that you have fun,

You laugh and I cry,

Alone.

Why can't it be as it once was

when we had fun?

We laughed and we cried,

both of us . . .

Together.

S.M.H.

TORONTO - JULY 17, 1971

The brief hours, the passing minutes,

Gone

But why?

The ecstasy felt by our hearts, our minds,

Vanished

How?

I picked up and remold the pieces

Of our broken love

Again.

The clock keeps ticking.

S.M.H.

A POEM CALLED ALLIGATORS

I wrote a poem two years ago
And decided to call it alligators
Cause I wanted to live in Florida;
I sometimes read it on snowy days
While sitting on the can,
My Mother sometimes wonders about me.

I wrote a poem last year
It was about drugs and alcohol
Cause I was bored with my routine life;
I sometimes read it at night
After too many cigarettes,
My mother sometimes cried about me.

A month ago I wrote another poem
And decided to call it life
Cause mine was near the end;
I haven't read it too much
As I've been very depressed,
I haven't talked to mum lately.

Last week I wrote a poem
About this girl I met
Cause she made me feel happy;
She reads it sometimes
When I'm not around,
My mother seems happier lately.

I wrote a poem about tragedy today
As the girl I knew moved away
And I decided to move too;
I read my poem today
Before the razor got too sharp,
Mother died today,
But I never was around for the funeral.

B. Rutherford

ARRIVAL

A slight breeze swam lazily past us
As we stood at the mistful ceiling
Awaiting the moment.
All was quiet.
Peaceful.
Suddenly, as the breeze held its breath,
As the mist lifted its veil,
The clouds opened
Forming curled feathered cirrus
Exposing the triumphant sun.

Jon Young

A LOVE AFFAIR IN THE PARK?

Have you ever picked her flowers?
Have you ever touched her flowers?
Have you ever kissed her flowers?
Have you ever loved her flowers?
Have you ever given her flowers?
Have you ever?

Steve Wesley

WHETHER MAP

the ruddy billboard, glowing like a child spitting out alphabet soup; the molson's brewery, glistening like vesuvius pouring out its heart; the queen's highway gleeming like excaliber breathing out its point; the c.b.c. glazing like a bomb choking out its soul; the politicians, evasive as a plague killing the untouched and innocent.

Jon Secor

THE COMPUTER'S SYMPATHY STATEMENT OF REASON

"your present condition,
a most serious situation,
deserves medical observation
and your restoration
depends upon your cooperation
or dismissal of poor constitution
as chronic social deterioration
but recent consultation
recommends immediate elimination
terminating all communication."

A. Nikiforuk

SONG FROM THE ISLANDS

Show me, my friend, your islands
For continents and oceans are common,
Explain your rocky shores covered with rises
And sandy beaches made only from diamonds.
Show your strength in crumbling fortresses
And flow between my feet your white blood.
Tell how you were but one stone
But through a gigantic intercourse
Produced a land of thought above all outsiders.
Then I too shall break away from continents
And oceans, and form a peninsula
That borders your mind.

Steve Wesley

The Blood Dance

Dawn.

A still air surrenders to a damp fog Crimson flags fly high and remote

against a burning sky

A soundlessness breathes nearby

it tightens my face.

I have gathered at the river with the silence And the water has been soaked in blood The fish float by flat As the morning air disguised as a plague shrouds the land.

The land is brain-sick The taste of failure

nauseating;

The wave of terror is passed upon us. The raven flies high and remote He is in our church on Remembrance Day. Who does he replace? What gap does he fill? All emptiness is filled And the silence is greater The aloneness

more vivid,

The comfort of failing memories is lost, The thinking blood now makes a darker stain. The ivory towers become castles Restless fortresses, O Knock down the old grey walls

the old grey walls.

We continually fall In emptiness

Never rising

In shallowness.

We are the people. Perhaps we're dead Perhaps we're alive Most certainly we are no one alone. Who is the Captain of the Whole? Let him be the king And we will turn our backs in offering for we lie helpless.

The circle is broken.

The puzzle is apart, The dust will not settle For fear we will find our footing And dance to the crawling music Which swells in our heads. This could be the end

Our only friend.

Blair Anderson

CONFUSION

People so seldom say, I love you,
But then it's either too late
Or love goes.
So when they say to you
That they love you
It doesn't mean they know you'll
Never go,
Only that, they wish you didn't
Have to.

B. Rutherford

BRIEF MOMENTS

The Past is but time and space
soon forgotten
easily misunderstood,
But what happens
affects
only for brief moments.
There is time to live
to forget,
countless seconds . . . many minutes,
The world does not stop
neither must you.

S.M.H.

CROCUS PAPER

Reach out, for something real
Something you can touch and feel.
Reach out,
and try and find the answer.
Sitting there sneering at the poem
While your mind is unfree to roam.

You say - it's unreal To you - it has not appeal

Your mind is so confused
You can't tell pink from blue
So you better think again
Before you enter the world of men.

For, for not to dream Everything would seem unreal.

So reach out, for something real Tell me how, how it feels.

Reach out and try to find the the answer.

So sit back and listen to the poem For you can find the answer Among the laughter Of simplicity.

Bruce Coxon

THE PAINS OF FREEDOM

I saw his head in his youth Upon his mother's knees, I saw his eyes reflecting thoughts Of a yearning to be free.

Then I saw his arms reaching out On the highway for a ride, I saw his feet in worn out shoes With blistered souls inside.

I saw his back in the line
Where poor men go to feed,
I saw his hands stretched out in shame
Trying to satisfy his need.

I saw his head in his age Slumped in Ioneliness and sorrow, I saw his eyes reflecting thoughts Of the past but no tomorrow.

He wonders why when he was young He left his home and love, For now there's only himself left And Someone up above.

I see him much more often now The end is drawing nearer, I saw his face this morning when I looked into the mirror.

John Paterson

EVA

You could

float down the Nile

but

there are no icebergs

in

Egypt.

Childe Harolde

LOVE

-1

caught

a drifting snowflake

and

it

froze

to the warmth of my touch

Shelter

was

alien

to this glistening crystal

and

its icy heart

congealed,

much like yours

my

love.

Childe Harolde

The Hourglass King

- a fo bid bont

Requiem (aeternam dona eis, Domine)

Morning. I wait by an ebony ocean on the goldenred sand, Making my world out of coloured matchsticks, Making my watch my history of time. Making my truth, Of a bird with broken wings, Bronze bird, Its flight slain by the dry fist of god; Its marble eyes staring forever Into a shrouded, thick broth fog. I lowered the bird into a canyon of ashes But the bullet in its throat endures Through life's long lapsing. Only Time will kill him. And Time will wander on. And the darkness will soon come When the feathered leaves will fall to the ground.

And all night we ride the gravy train
And listen to minstrels unravel our dreams for us.
All day we sift Egyptian sand
And dream of Sarah dressed in black.
A dream where there were men with beards about you
They were staunch minions in the night
dancing in the light
weeping in the still air
for no one.

Only Time will kill them too. They will link arms And sing a requiem for the masses. (eternity give unto them, O Lord)

I will venture in with my rope And my spruce leather cloak covered in blood. I am the Hanged Man. I lie in a grave made for everyone. My rope

the rope of Time,
Time is magical
Time devours everything.
And it will wander on,
And the darkness will soon come
When everything we say will be what we've done.
When every step we make is inevitably onward,
When we have travelled far
and then will have to travel
using our hearts as our eyes.

П

A journey back To this four-cornered room With its streaked stainglass windows. The room, Rounded and rounded with care. Once it was washed in sunshine Now

wasted with shadows,

Number Four is not more.

All is a morning dream.

111

Morning.
I wait over a tightening ebony ocean
Making my life out of coloured matchsticks.
We are like the rocks in the stream's mud brown bed
Unable to swim to the sea
in the stream's too gentle flow;

Yet without the rocks
The stream would have no song
And without the song there is no dance.
No gathering of candles for our ceremonies,
No Candlmas,
No coloured matchsticks.

And when the fire is given back to the gods, When sunlight melts into darkness And we lie in each other's graves, We will find another hole.

Another Chaos.

And I will rise god of the sea. Triton. Le vent de la mer soufflera dans ma trompe Calling

the lonesome

from their wanderings,

The lost seafarers,
Calling them from my rock of gold.
My green hair screaming in the salt-water wind.
And Time for me

would be ceaseless, A merman I should have been. Yet Time made me the Dead Man.

Lazing in the sea Feeling very morningfree Only being what I am to be.

But in the next coming,

I will be the king.

In the next homing,

I will be the king of the hourglass.

My lifeblood The swishing sand that empties Itself into itself.

He who would be head

let him be the bridge

Blair Anderson

THE BARK

If I were a tree
People would be nice to me.
But then again, dogs would pee
on me
So I'm not gonna be a tree.

McClocklin

AS WE WERE WALKING

This was the wintry scene Of which unfolded Before our eyes that day: As we were walking silently along top of white, We felt the severity of Winter's iciness piercing our skin. The scene we beheld was glacial; Deep clefts of snow Crawled in and out of hills Throughout the landscape Which was reaching far towards The horizon. Mysterious footprints, As if sketched on an immaculate White canvas, found their way Around the indentations of the land. White birch trees swung upwards nobly, Extending their arms, Reaching for the sky Which was overcast, murky, and threatening. Small arms and legs poked their way Through the cover, dotting the land.

As we were walking silently on top of white, I noticed a single, individual, deserted Leaf, still coloured by Autumn's paint brush. It was burrowed in the snow, Still awake.

Jon Young

CONFLICTING EVIDENCE

Conflicting evidence of a cold, silent war Stripes and hammer fighting, Racing each other's giant ball points Stars and sickle clashing.

Into outer worlds together
But then again they are not,
Landing hearts one, metals the other
A divided race are they.

Conflicting evidence of hunger and strife People all alone, Children starving and parents fighting The evidence is not false.

Jon Young

Ode to Saint George

I was walking along this path, handcuffed to the situation. Behind me, I could feel that I was guarded and, at the same time, stared at by many pairs of eyes. With every step was the thump of a drum. The monotonous beat was riding in a crescendo as if to spell out my fate. Around me the world became desolate and I could think only of this one final event. I felt as though I were the centre of attention, and that I was being crowded like a caged animal for everyone to look at. On and on, the endless pounding. A masked man, seemingly satisfied with his craft, with a sadistic passion for the same work, shows me the place. The world becomes smaller and smaller, diminishing to a claustrophobic room. I am positioned on this type of scaffolding. The pounding increases to a boom, as if a cannon. I am readied with something restraining about my neck. "This is the end." I think. The booming is now so great that I want to cry out, to cause the well known climax. Snip! Snip!

Jon Secor

CHRISTMAS IN SIR ALEX FLEMING'S TIME

Twas the time before Christmas when all through the lab,

Not a creature was stirring, not even a crab. The testubes were hung by the door with care, In hopes that Sir Alex soon would be there. The mould was nestled all snug on the table While visions of penicillin danced in his head When it was able.

And Mr. Gardner in his lab coat and I in mine, Had just settled down for a long winter's find. When out in the hall there arose such a smell, So I sprang from my chair to see what was there. Away to the door I flew from the floor, Turned the knob and threw open the big lab board. The electrical light on the breast of the new-Fallen dust,

Gave a look that was very gust.

When, what to my black-rimmed glasses should Be cold,

A miniature bottle and light mounds of red and White mould.

The little old driver I knew was Sir Alex. More rapid than microbes his courses they came, And he screamed and scolded and called them by name:

Now, Starch! Now, Sugar! Now, Peewit and Victor!
On, Tester! On, Expert! On, Disease and Hector!
On to the wall to the end of the hall!
Now, dash away! Dash away all!
Then Sir Alex came through the lab door,
Tip-toeing quietly on the clean floor.
With a sack full of things that stain
Was full of mould, so he did claim.
Quietly he filled the testubes with mould,
Then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose as round as a ball,
He tip-toed silently into the hall.
The last thing I heard was Sir Alex saying,

"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a goodnight."

David Trusler

BIRDS RULE THE MORNING

Birds rule the morning's softness and share with me alone the pink flushed ground mist which veils the earth's green face. In this hour before consciousness when even dew drenched fairies sleep their soundest I shall have to ask these birds if you may join me.

Gandalf

VICKI

Tall black holes slashed through grey rock go to show not the light

outside

but only

how far

black steel bars

can stretch steel bars strained and worn

tight

from tension pressing

outwards

from behind eyes

that laugh

and eyes

that scream

only

polite silence.

Gandalf

THE OCCUPATION FOR ME

The occupation for me,
I don't know what it will be.
I could be a very good doctor,
Or even a sky instructor.
I might be an artist
Or I could become a soloist.
Singing is pleasant in a choir
But it might be better by the fire.
Drawing a picture is great
But still I would like to play checkmate.
To become a lawman is too hard for me,
So the occupation for me . . .
I don't know what it will be.

David Trusler

222

THE BOY I LOVE IS MINE ALL MINE WITH HIS GENTLE TOUCH HE IS SO FINE & WITH HAIR OF BLOOD AND EYES OF BLOE, I LISTEN FOR WHEN HE CALLS "HEY LOW"

HIS PHYSIQUE IS THAT OF A MAN &
SO TALL AND STRAIGHT IS THE WAY HE STANDS &
WITH ARMS SO STRONG TO HOLD YOU TIGHT,
THROUGH THE DAY AND THROUGH THE NIGHT

۵۵ ۵ ON QUIET EVENINGS WE WALK ON THE BEACH WITH THE STARS AND THE MOON, THERE IS NO SPEECH TO BREAK THE SILENCE, A KISS OR TWO, AND THEN HE WHISPERS, "I LOVE YOU."



BY "LOVER GIRL"

NOTE: BECAUSE OF THE AMAZING AMOUNT OF PERSONAL FEELING
AND AFFECTION THIS PIEM IS A CLASSIC IN OOR TIMES"
--- (L. COHEN)

33 (3)

"STUPENDOUS" - (NEW YORK TIMES)

"A TRILLING, UNCENSERED, PASSIONATE LOVE PASSAGE"

"THIS IS THE BEST THING I'VE EVER EATEN"

— (GALLOPING GOORNET)

"HE IS ALUCKY BOY TO KNOW SUCH A GIRL"- (MR. BARRY)

"THIS IS TRUE" - (MR. HOGE)

" I THINK I'VE BEEN GOOSED" - (MOTHER BOD)

"YEAR BOOK MATERIAL" - (POITORS IN TRANSIT)

" VERY STRANCE " - (E.E. CUMMINGS)

" VERY , VERY DEEP MEANING"- (T.S. ELIOT)

"ITS THE CHEMICTRY BETWEEN THE TWO
OF THEM. ITS UERY REMARDING FOR ME."
— (GARDNER)

ANOTHER SAUL SILVERHAN PRODUCTION .



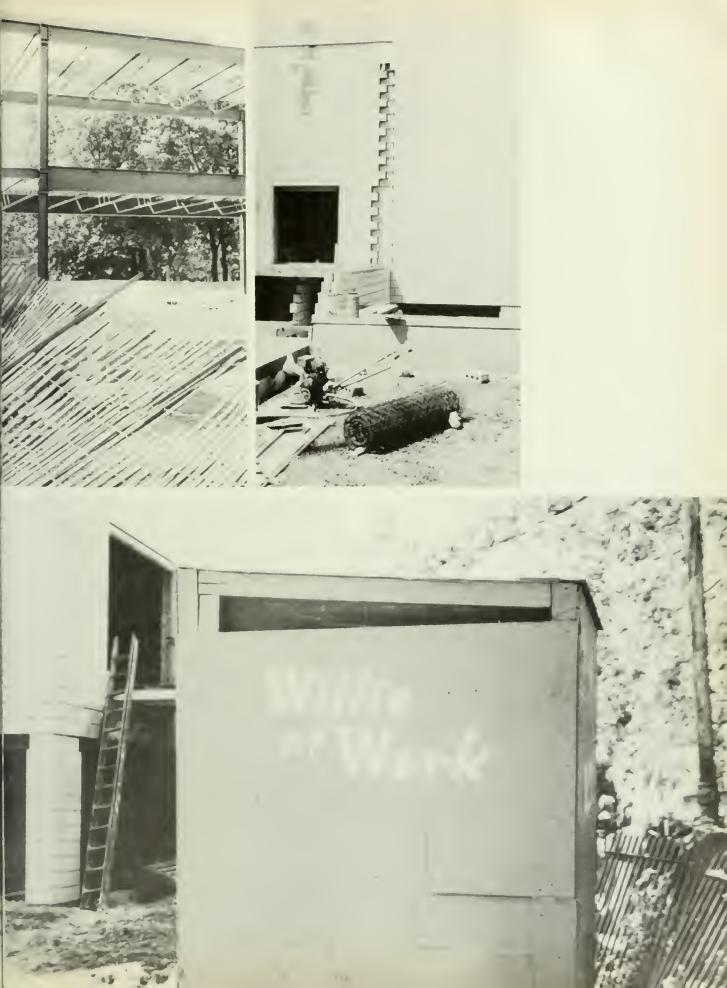




CONSTRUCTION













SCHOOL PROMS

The College had three groovy dances this year. Many hip Georgians showed up at these happenings to dance to their heart's delight. Girls in all shapes and sizes stormed the gates to see the boys they'd heard so much about. Being held close during a spotlight dance with a St. George's boy was a dream come true to these comely private school girls, something that they thought only happened on American Bandstand. The boys had a good time too as can be seen in the picture far right. Graham and John boogied till the break of dawn. They make such a nice couple. Even the photographers enjoyed themselves so much at the Grad Dance that they forgot to take pictures. Silly twits!







TALENT NIGHT











SCIENCE FAIR

Both judges and visitors made very complimentary remarks concerning the seventh annual Science Fair.

The judges were particularly pleased with the mannerism of the boys, especially of the Committee members who escorted them around the Fair.

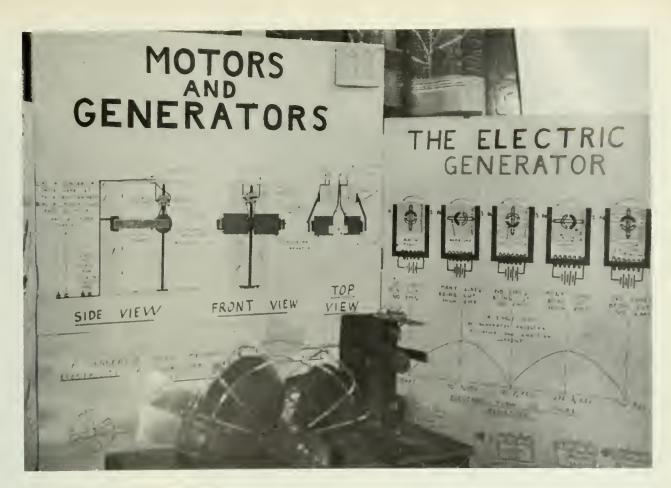
There were 103 prizes won altogether for excellence in four fields of science: Earth Sciences, Physics, Chemistry, and Biology.

Nearly the entire school participated, with about 200 boys submitting exhibits and thirty students on the Committee staff.

The Fair was covered well by the Toronto media: the CBC and the Toronto Star gave good coverage.

Thanks go to Mr. Gardner, Mr. Hogg, and Mr. Mac-Millan for an exciting three days.











GRADE 12 U.S.A. TRIP























ST. GEORGE'S
DRAMA CLUB
PRESENTS
WE MUST KILL TONI
NOVEMBER 25TH & 26TH,
1971
CAST

Francis Oberon - W. Barclay Douglas Oberon - T. Collins Toni Oberon - S. Dewart Harris - S. Northey Miss Richards - B. Watkins

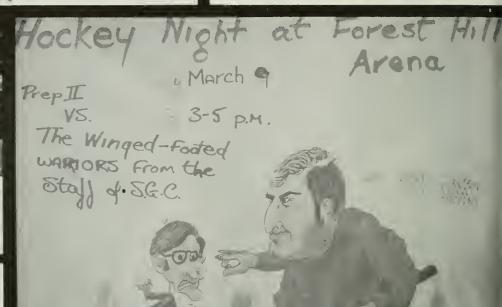
Directed by T. R. Laurence
Set Design: H. M. Stevenson
Stage Crew: William Sharpe
John Stewart
Bruce Coxon
Robert Brander

Written by: Ian Stuart Black















Spider Sabich? No, you silly. Arthur Harrison Peckham III.





SKI DAY

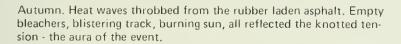
This year's ski day was held at Osler Bluff Ski Club. A very good turnout and good ski conditions made the outing successful.

ABOVE: Harrison and the Boys. LEFT: Can you tell us what is wrong in the picture? (Hint: that isn't Judy Jackson). BELOW: Help, Moose is after me!









One by one, on and on, the people filled the stands, soon to become a surging mass of seething human flesh. Their sweated palms crumpled their tickets to glory. One by one, on and on, the racers entered the battle ground. With grim determination smeared on their faces, they mounted their newly polished, Indianapolis super-deluxe trikes.

The grueling course was too much for some. These peasants were to drink from the nauseating cesspool of failure. Yet one man, an incontestable superman, idolized by racing fans from Spadina to Bathurst, was to taste the eminence, the nobility, the luster, the paprika of victory. His name.... J.J. "Speedster" Kerr.









TRACK AND FIELD DAY

Winchester 114½

York 112½

Canterbury 57

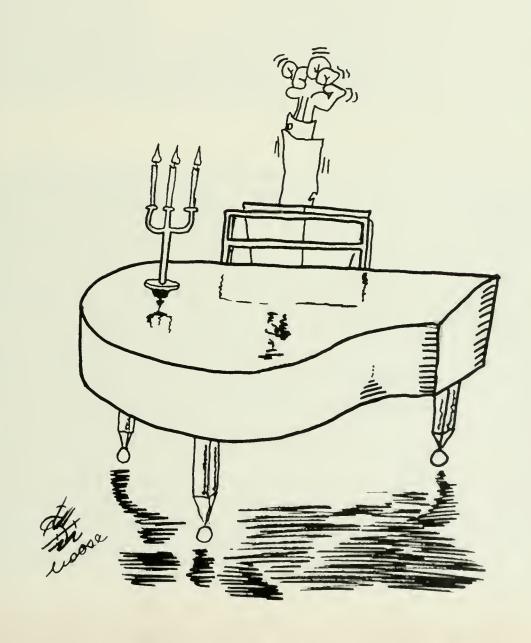
Westminster 34











ST. GEORGE'S COLLEGE CHOIR

SERVICES AND RECITALS

October - St. Timothy's Church

November - Advent Carol Service, Rosedale Church

December - Bach-Elgar Choir, Guelph and Hamilton

- Carols at Diocesan Centre

- Carols at Toronto Dominion Centre

- Carol Service in the Cathedral

January - St. George's, Thornbury

March - St. Matthias' Church and Cathedral, Montreal

- Selwyn House School, Westmount

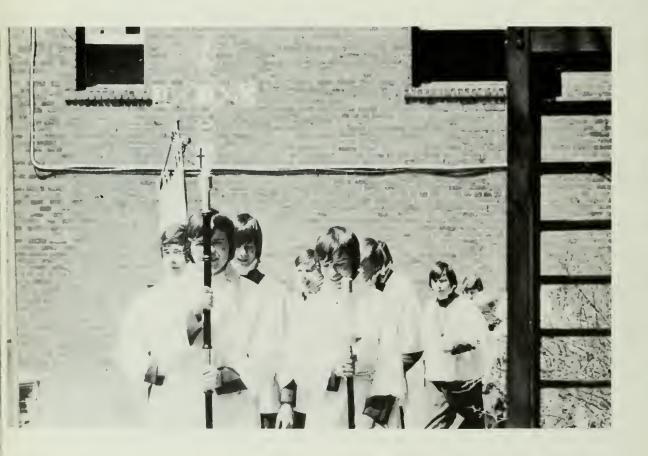
April - Rosedale Church

- Three Choir Festival, T.C.S. Port Hope

May - St. John's Church and school, Elora

June - Trinity College Chapel







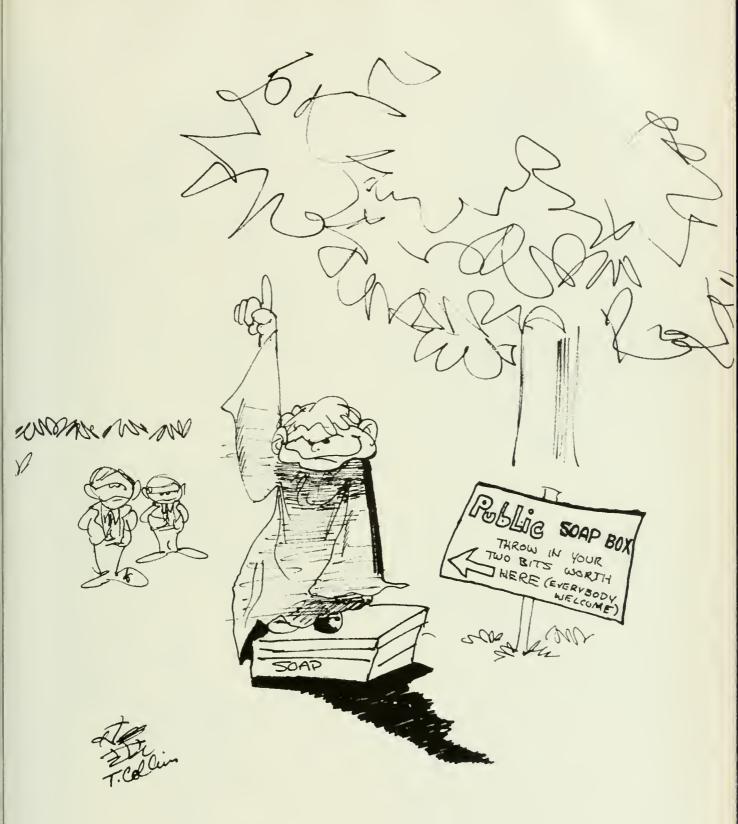
As can be seen from the choir itinerary, the choir had a busy and rewarding year. I was most impressed with the high standard of singing at all these events. Obviously the choir had been stimulated by the recent English Tour, and were determine to excel in all their performances. It was a large choir - 45 singing boys and 10 probationers. The boys have been learning new, and in many cases, difficult music. 'An Easter Sequence' by Kenneth Leighton, and 'Psalm 150' by Benjamin Britten were two exciting works that demanded a high standard of musicianship and technical skill. Both of them were very well performed.

Once again we are indebted to the Ladies' Guild for their financial support and great interest at all times. Without their help there would be no hope for Choir Tours. I am especially grateful to them this year for their decision to award a new prize to the Choir. It is to be in memory of my brother, who played such an important part in the Choir Tours for many years. It is to be called "The Robert Bradley Memorial Trophy", and will be awarded to the boy who (a) has been a choir boy with long and faithful service and (b) who, after leaving the choir, has continued to be loyal and faithful to the work of the chapel and Choir.

I couldn't close this report without paying tribute to our hard working and talented Choir Mother, Mrs. Win Burry, for her excellent work and inspiration all year. Aided by her valued assistants, Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Hector, no job has been too big or too small for their attention. I am also grateful to Mr. Burry for his valuable help and talent in taping and editing all our musical events. Mr. Stewart has given a great deal of his time in Public Relations. To so many who worked in making our record I express my deepest thanks. And to Mr. Maurice White, our Choirmaster, I pay highest tribute for his skill, patience and musicianship in training the choir.







SGC

DOLLS



THE MR. WRIGHT DOLL-WIND IT UP
AND IT GRUMBLES



THE MR. HORR DOLL - WIND IT UP AND IT EXPLAINS WHY IT RUNS DOWN.



THE MR. MACMILLAN DOLL- WIND
IT UP AND IT TAKES A
GIANT STEP.



WIND IT UP AND IT PUNS
DOWN



THE MR. ARMITTAGE DOLL - WIND IT UP AND IT MULTIPLIES



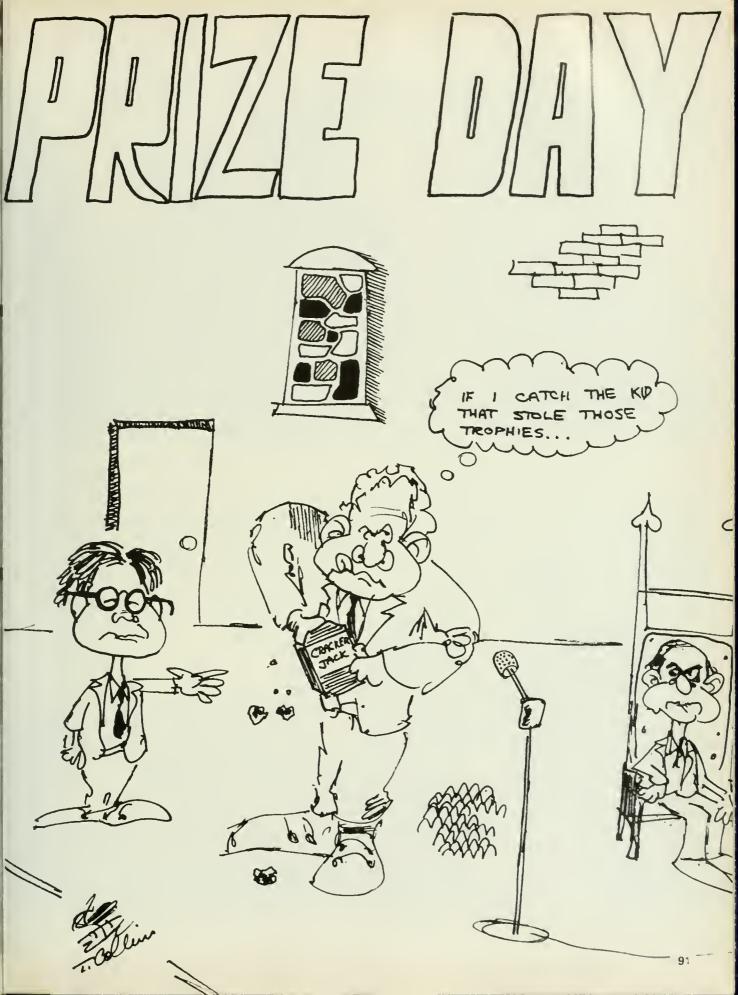
THE MR. FRAZER DOLL - WIND IT UP AND IT DOESN'T SEEM ANY DIFFERENT



THE MR. ALLEN DOLL - WIND IT UP AND IT HIGERNATES











SPECIAL PRIZES

1)	The V. C. Pascoe junior Athletic Award
2)	The Tudhope Athletic Award
3)	The J. S. Robinson Trophy D. Summerhayes
4)	The J. G. Housser Trophy
5)	The J. W. McMaster Senior Hockey Trophy D. MacLatchy
6)	Chess Prize M. Devenport
7)	Whiteacre Music Prize
8)	The Leslie Taylor Trophy
9)	The G. R. Jameson Trophy
10)	The Marion McDowell Trophy
11)	The Ladies Guild Trophy D. MacLatchy
12)	The G. D. Hay Trophy P. Clarke
13)	The W. G. Gilbride Trophy K. Robinson
14)	The John L. Wright House Cup
15)	The J. S. Wheeler Cup
16)	The E. S. Smith Award D. Locke
17)	The L. J. B. Rothwell Award P. Levitt
18)	The Georgian Trophy
19)	The Edward Assaf Trophy
20)	The Robert Bradley Memorial Award J. Young
21)	The Wynn Butterworth Medal
22)	Headmaster's Medal
23)	Chairman's Medal
24)	Lt. Governor's Medal
25)	Governor General's Medal



THE END



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A view of the old foundations at the rear of St. Alban The Martyr - built for the Cathedral in 1911 and never used - picture taken at the start of construction of the new school for St. Georges — March, 1972.

EDUCATION what does it mean?

In one sense it means grasping the wealth of ideas, knowledge and wisdom handed down from the past and turning it into a resource for the future.

This thought is nicely symbolized by the current construction program at St. Georges Where the modern new school is being built above the unique old quarried stonework walls.

Using the fine old stone walls from 1911 to impart something priceless to the new school of 1972 taking the benefits of progress but not neglecting our inheritance from the past.



111 Railside Road

Designers and builders of the new school The one the Boys of St. George's will be proud to call their own

The one built on the past, with the best of the present, for our hope for the future.

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Congratulations

and

Best Wishes

for the continued success of

The Georgian

DOUGLAS C. STEPHENS

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Lots of Luck to John Kerr in his marriage.

Lots of Luck to Ron Evans and his moustache.

Lots of Luck to Blair Fearon and Trisch.

Lots of Luck to next year's Prefects.

Lots of Luck to Graham and Louann.

Lots of Luck to Mr. Workman's book - "A 101 Nazi Tortures".

Lots of Luck to Diane Peters - she'll need it.

Lots of Luck to Doug and Dale.

Lots of Luck to Dave Wipper and his botany classes.

Lots of Luck to Vic Gosselin - wherever he may be.

Lots of Luck to Mr. Hogg and his pet newt, Leonard Wumpke.

Lots of Luck to Nick, his wife, and Jim.

Lots of Luck to Mr. Gardner and Turtle Wax,

Lots of Luck to Mike Onions and his complex.

Lots of Luck to Jon Young and his four-line philosophies on life.

Lots of Luck to the poor suckers on next year's Yearbook Staff.

Lots of Luck to Tarzan and Jane, and Mike Young and Cheetah.

Lots of Luck to Scooter - may he find something to do in the future.

Lots of Luck to anyone who thinks they deserve it.

P.S. If you are offended by the things in this Yearbook, that's alright, so are we.





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